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Laymen and the Council

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YOU CAN TRUST DR. SCHWARZ

Richard Gilman
FAULKNER'S YES AND NO

Liberal Resurgence in Britain • Two Poems
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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

How Much Intervention?

NATIONAL SELF-INTEREST has dictated Washington's Latin American policies from the days of the Monroe Doctrine to the Alliance for Progress. A century and a half ago it was the political security of our infant republic; the Good Neighbor policy of the 1930's stemmed from the Depression and was intensified by our needs in World War II. And our ensuing neglect continued long after the European Marshall Plan had so patently succeeded.

This neglect has ranged from sheer indifference and inaction to positive measures inimical to our neighbors' well-being. For example, quotas and prices on raw materials upon which most Central and South American economies depend for vital foreign exchange have been suddenly reduced—even in the most recent years. Washington has for the most part not only encouraged authoritarian leaders who posed as anti-Communist but especially those with whom United States firms could do business. The catalogue of our sins and omissions in Latin America is a lengthy one.

But the Alliance for Progress, which was instituted a year ago April, was a genuine attempt to make a fresh start in Pan-American relations. The object of linking loans and grants to greatly needed social reform is to build the prosperity and stability of each nation in its own and in the common interest. The hope is that a well-coordinated attack on illiteracy, disease and poverty in the lands below the Rio Grande, a more equitable distribution of income and wealth and all the rest will also build up democratic political institutions.

In its first year it is hardly surprising that the Alliance fell short of many of its objectives. Teodoro Moscoso, the United States coordinator of the program, has expressed much dissatisfaction that progress to date has been so limited and that such a degree of poverty has persisted. Yet this first year has brought to Latin America over a billion dollars in loans and grants. By a year from now Mr. Moscoso estimates that Alliance projects will be directly benefiting thirty-five million people. Assuredly here is a substantial start which betokens greater interest and activity on behalf of these neighbors than we have ever before manifested.

AS MR. KENNEDY recently discovered, the political aspect of Latin American relations is the most difficult of all. His immediate breaking off of diplomatic relations with Peru and the cutting off of Alliance aid, when military forces annulled the election and arrested President Prado, presented a sharp contrast with previous Washington recognition policy. It was widely resented even outside Peru.

There were extenuating circumstances. Haya de la Torre, who won the most votes (if not one-third) has long been a prominent champion of reform. In his youth he was definitely of a Marxist persuasion; thirty years ago he and his Apristas led a bloody insurrection against the Peruvian army, which has not forgotten. Now he and his party stand for democratic social reforms—many of the things envisioned by the Alliance: land reform, decent housing, free labor unions, tax reform, social security. It is by no means certain that the Peruvian Congress would have made de la Torre President, but the army was taking no chances; it appointed General Godoy.

President Kennedy's dramatic response did have considerable popular backing in Peru and in this country. Whatever resentment it may have aroused in Latin America may be balanced by its success in discouraging similar military coups for the time being. Yet protest against the army in Peru itself was minor. Civil liberties were soon restored, President Prado released and new elections promised for next June. It will become increasingly difficult not to resume diplomatic relations.

The military continue to be in the ascendancy

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in most Latin American nations and threaten in several others, but some officers are developing a certain political skill. The present Communist strategy of giving them every encouragement may not work. Army leaders in Argentina, for example, took the greatest pains to cloak their regime in legitimacy with civilians in the leading positions. Moreover, prominent military men throughout the Americas are now becoming more convinced of the need for immediate and widespread social reform. But they themselves want to guide it. It may become harder and harder for the Communists to present them as hated symbols against whom they plan to lead popular uprisings.

Be that as it may, Mr. Kennedy will probably think twice, and await developments, before actively intervening on the next occasion of a military coup. Soldiers may hardly succeed as social reformers and the odds against non-violent revolution in Latin America remain heavy. But these peoples, with our substantial help, may still be able to achieve much social and political progress in their own way—along paths dissimilar to our own traditions and experience.

Buying UN Bonds

IN THE LONG run the recent advisory ruling of the World Court on UN financing should add to the effectiveness and stability of the international organization. In the short run, though, it is adding further complications to an already complicated political debate here at home.

At stake is the question of special UN assessments for operations such as those in the Congo or the Middle East. Is the obligation to pay these levies as binding as the regular dues assessment? If the answer to this question is yes, a nation like the Soviet Union which refuses to pay its share of the UN Congo operation either has to pay up or face the possibility of losing its voting rights. If the answer is no, the efforts of the UN to meet emergency situations in various parts of the world would be seriously jeopardized. It is in an effort to relieve the financial crisis caused in large part by the Soviet embargo on the UN's Congo operation that President Kennedy has been urging the United States to take the lead in buying long-term UN bonds.

Happily, the recent advisory ruling of the World Court held that special assessments by the General Assembly are in fact as binding upon member-nations as regular assessments. At first glance, this would seem to solve the problem nicely, to the satisfaction of everyone except the delinquent nations. In fact, however, there is some danger that the World Court's ruling will be used by Congressional opponents of the UN bond proposal to kill the measure, while only the future prospects of the international organization but not its immediate financial situation will be improved.

Since the UN is now able to collect what is due to it, it is being argued, why should the United States make a long-term loan? In reality, however, the UN charter provides that before a member nation can forfeit its vote, it must be in arrears an amount equal to two years' assessments. In the case of the U.S.S.R., this would not come about until 1964. Meantime the Soviet Union could continue to refuse payment, imperiling UN efforts in the Congo and elsewhere yet retaining its vote.

Given this situation, it is our view that Congress should give the President bi-partisan support in this matter of emergency financing for the UN. We grant that it is not pleasant to have to pay more than our national share because of Soviet stubbornness. But we can not afford to lose sight of one central fact in the equation: only the Soviet Union stands to gain from renewed chaos in the Congo, and only the UN presence prevents a renewal of the fighting there. When the matter comes to a vote, therefore, Washington legislators should realize that to kill the UN bond proposal now would help the Soviet cause, not our own.

Still on the Pad

AT THIS writing, the Administration bill to set up a privately owned communications satellite corporation is still being blocked by a small group of liberal Senators. The merits of the legislation itself are questionable, we think, and the whole controversy prompts some rather unhappy reflections.

If the communications satellite is as important as the bill's supporters say, for instance, why have the American people been so little informed about it? And if the charges by opponents of the bill that it is a billion-dollar "giveaway" are untrue, why can't they be answered by better arguments than those we have heard—that, desirable as government

SUMMER SCHEDULE

In keeping with the usual practice, The Commonweal will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated as follows: August 24, September 7 and September 21. From then on The Commonweal will resume its normal weekly printing schedule.

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control is, the Federal Communications Commission presently lacks the staff and authority to supervise a publicly-owned satellite system, that the communications industry won't cooperate unless they can have what they want, etc.?

We wonder too at the silence of the fiscal watchdogs in the Senate. Why is it so much more important to prevent "government handouts" to the poor and the sick than to big business in general and A.T.&T. in particular? Why is it that welfare checks to the needy are violations of the free enterprise system but subsidies for giant corporations are not?

The liberal resort to the filibuster is another disquieting aspect of the communications satellite controversy. What will the filibustering liberals say to their Southern colleagues when the next piece of civil rights legislation comes along? But, on the other side of the picture, what is it that the anti-filibuster Senators have in mind when they say that the liberal stalling tactics are immobilizing the Congress? Maybe the "do nothing" Congress has something it wants to do before adjournment, but we haven't heard of anything they consider really pressing except to go home and get re-elected.

The Thurgood Marshall Case

THURGOOD MARSHALL, counsel for the NAACP in the famous school desegregation case, has been serving as a federal judge under a recess appointment since last October. During this period the Senate Judiciary subcommittee headed by Senator Olin Johnston of South Carolina has been sitting on his appointment, holding only two hearings on the matter between January and July. The reason for the delaying tactics are quite obvious: the personal views on Mr. Marshall and the NAACP held by the Southern Senators, including those of Senator James O. Eastland, the powerful chairman of the parent Senate committee.

No one suggests that the Senate is not entitled to scrutinize Mr. Marshall's appointment. But in fact the procedure followed has not been to examine Mr. Marshall's credentials—which are good—but simply to drag the matter out to disgraceful lengths, apparently in the hope that Senate failure to act by recess-time will force Judge Marshall off the bench.

Senatorial prerogatives are great, but they are or should not be this great. Yet in this situation we see no signs that the Administration is mustering its strength against Senator Eastland and Company. Indeed, the voices of protest that are being raised are chiefly those of Republican Senators, who are now threatening to try to bypass the Subcommittee and take the fight to the Senate floor. Administration spokesmen, no doubt, would charge that this G.O.P. tactic is just playing politics, but we think the Republican Senators are quite correct in their action. Time is running out, and the Senate should be permitted to stand up and be counted on the Marshall appointment, Senator Eastland or no.

Liberal Resurgence in Britain

THE RETURN of the Liberals is probably the most significant aspect of contemporary British politics and a portent for the future. The Conservative Party has suffered a series of election reverses which were topped off by defeats in the by-elections at West Lothian in June and at northeast Leicester in July.

In Leicester the Conservatives not only lost half their share of the vote, but placed a poor third with 6,578 votes after the Labor Party winner's 11,274 votes and a vigorous Liberal runner-up with 9,326. In West Lothian, too, the Tory candidate finished third, with only 4,784 votes. That was 13,299 votes less than the respectable second he ran in the 1959 general elections, and the largest Tory reverse in the current series of eleven by-elections. Politicians of all parties considered these defeats a disaster for the Conservatives.

What is unprecedented and alarming to the Conservatives is the way their share of the total vote has been decreasing in every constituency, northern industrial, southern suburban and midland farm sections alike. Since last autumn, by-elections have shown the Tories with a national loss of twenty-four per cent of their vote since the general elections in 1959.

In power for a dozen years, the Tories still hold 366 seats in Parliament to 254 for Labor and 7 for the Liberals. With party discipline as staunch as it is in Britain, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan knows his Conservative government is safe—at least for the time being. But the handwriting on the wall is there, and—Cabinet shake-up or no—he will probably wait until the very last moment, probably autumn 1964, before "going to the country" and putting Conservative popularity to the acid test of another general election.

The consensus is that if Britain voted tomorrow, Labor would be victorious, but dependent on the resurgent Liberal Party for a majority in Parliament. The Liberals have come up fast and have been taking roughly twenty-five per cent of the votes in the by-

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elections now going on. Though Jo Grimond, their party leader, talks grandiosely of forming a government if the Liberals win 200 seats in the next elections, his party is much more likely to capture only 25 to 30 seats, but that would give them the balance of power between the Conservatives and Labor and make them a political force to be reckoned with.

THE LIBERAL PARTY revival is not only changing Britain's traditional political landscape but is the result of a changing British political landscape. Yesterday's class differences, based chiefly on money and social convention, have been breached. British society today is scarcely classless, but the social distance between "gentlemen" and "workers" has been narrowed and in some degree even bridged by the "middle class."

This "new" middle class is the key to the increased power and influence of the Liberals. It is estimated at some ten to twelve per cent of the electorate and though not large in number, it is in British circumstances enough to turn the balance in favor of either Labor or Tories. Once members of the "old" middle class considered themselves "gentlemen," but World War II and postwar economic changes altered matters significantly.

Those who comprise the new middle class are in their late thirties and early forties, the young generation of the war years. They remember the fumbling and errors of the pre-war period and they can appreciate the postwar improvements. But they are equally skeptical of the bourgeois Conservatives, for whom as "gentlemen" they once voted, and the outmoded socialist doctrines of the Labor Party.

Moreover, postwar trade-union activity has resulted in wage hikes for workers while middle-class incomes have been hard hit by tax laws and other postwar industrial problems, and have not kept pace. Professionals, craftsmen, white-collar workers and small tradesmen have found that their incomes have declined on a comparative scale, and that they have been, so to speak, increasingly "proletarianized" and now belong pretty much to the same income categories as do the workers.

It was the middle-class shift to the Labor Party after the second World War that defeated Churchill. Looking toward political, economic and social reform, the middle class thought Labor better equipped and more deeply committed than the Conservatives to effect changes. But by 1950 it had already shifted its allegiance to the Conservatives and consequently brought about a Tory election triumph. The middle class presumably felt that Labor's foreign policy was weak and vacillating, and that it had unwisely pushed nationalization too far and in so doing endangered both the economy's health and individual freedoms.

In the dozen years the Tories have remained in power since then, they have been careful to gauge the mood of the middle class and watch its votes. And where possible they have tried to tailor their policies to its desires. The Labor Party has gone through considerable change in the past five years because Hugh Gaitskell and his advisors realized that serious reorganizations and revisions had to be effected in the Labor Party if it was to achieve a majority at the polls. But though Gaitskell and his colleagues have tried to update Labor's outworn social-democratic ideology, they have not succeeded in doing so—as West German, Austrian and Swiss Social Democrats have—but instead have managed only to divide their party into bitterly opposed factions.

Strong opposition to Gaitskell's revisions have come primarily from the trade-union leaders and left-wing intellectuals, the latter grouped around *The New Statesman* and the *Tribune*. Their program calls for more nationalization of industry, pacifism, and anti-Americanism.

The middle class seems to feel little in common with a Labor Party riven by ideological dispute and factional antagonism, and still tied to orthodox social-democratic dogmas. Simultaneously, it has lost faith in Conservative management of economic affairs, particularly with too-rigid control of wages and salaries, and with the lack of economic incentives and vitality.

In the past, the middle class showed even less interest in the Liberal Party and its traditional Manchesterism, looking on the Liberals as arch-conservatives representing big business, but recently the Liberal Party has revised its policies. Its old heads have also been replaced by younger and more progressive leaders and intellectuals, most of whom are themselves middle class in origin, and they have been assiduously devoting themselves to making themselves and their party the representatives of the new middle class, and to gaining its support. In this effort, their party has been greatly aided by an excellent press headed by the brilliantly written and edited Manchester *Guardian*.

In spite of its profound respect for tradition, no other country in Europe has seen such basic changes in the postwar period as has Great Britain. Should the Liberals win the balance of power in Parliament in the next general elections, there are likely to be new and further changes in that old-fashioned British political life which many, both in the country and outside of it, have long hoped for, changes which would bolster British economic life and help to restore British political confidence.

ABRAHAM ROTHBERG
ROBERT GABOR

(Abraham Rothberg was formerly managing editor of the New Leader *and editor-in-chief of Free Europe Press. Robert Gabor, a specialist on trade-union and social-democratic groups, recently returned from Great Britain.)*

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Laymen and the Council

Problems and Possibilities

DANIEL CALLAHAN

IT IS impossible to talk about the status of the laity in the Church today without talking about the relationship of laity and clergy. Yet however one chooses to characterize that relationship, one is bound to be struck by a number of curiosities. The most patent in recent years was the establishment by Pope John XXIII of a preparatory commission on the lay apostolate for the forthcoming Council. For the first time in the history of the Church, the question of the laity had been given a status equal to that of the traditional matters which have concerned ecumenical councils. But it very soon became clear that no provisions were to be made for lay consultants or advisers to that commission.

The commission thus had the curious distinction that it was the only one in which none of those who will be affected directly by its work were represented. A theological commission without theologians or a commission on the missions without missionaries would have been unthinkable. In contrast, hardly a word was spoken about the omission of laymen from the deliberations of the preparatory commission on the laity; it was accepted as a matter of course. One need hardly add that no laymen will be participants in the Council itself.

No one, of course, is surprised by these omissions. For many centuries the layman has had no direct role to play in the highest deliberations of the Church. Neither Canon Law nor recent tradition encourages such a role. If the very fact that a commission on the laity was formed is revolutionary, the exclusion of the laity from it is merely the faithful following of modern tradition. The importance of the laity was dramatically recognized; the importance of the contribution they might make in a preparatory commission was not.

This combination of revolution in one direction and close adherence to custom in another perfectly symbolizes the problem of the laity in the Church today. For the problem is one which goes well beyond the usual diagnoses and appraisals. It is not only, as is often said, a matter of the clergy becoming less paternalistic, less authoritarian and more open to the needs and talents of the laity. Nor is it only a matter of stimulating the laity to be more active and energetic in serving the Church. To be sure, all these things are needed. But what is needed even more is a sharp awareness that, as the Church is structured today, none of those advances would guarantee a viable and integral place for the laity. None, moreover, would guarantee that awakening lay aspirations would fully be met.

TO PUT IT directly, the Church is in the midst of a revolution with which it does not have the means, juridical or theological, to cope. The revolution has been long in the making—both clergy and laity have contributed to bringing it about. From the clerical side, the innumerable exhortations of recent popes that the laity become more active in the service of the Church, the work of important clerics on the theology of the laity, and the widespread desire of many bishops, pastors and priests for lay assistance have been a major influence. From the lay side, the emergence of an educated class of laymen, the heeding of papal and episcopal words, and a general rebirth of Christian spirituality have all made a profound difference. Taken together, these developments are nothing less than revolutionary.

But what has been the result of this ferment? Very little, it would appear. For the most part the revolution remains one of attitude, expectation and aspiration—not one of profound change in the Church itself. The Church, it becomes increasingly obvious, is not geared for this comparatively sudden development. For decades the Church's organizational and institutional life has been the sole responsibility of the clergy: from the teaching office of the Church down to the most remote parish everything of importance has been in the hands of the clergy. The absence of laymen from the preparatory commission on the laity simply typifies, in a singular fashion, the present relationship of laity and clergy. Even in those matters which directly concern the laity, the laity are, for the most part, not consulted.

The one conclusion that ought not to be drawn from these facts is that the hierarchy and clergy are engaged in a great conspiracy to keep the layman in his place.

DANIEL CALLAHAN, co-editor of *Christianity Divided* (Sheed & Ward), is an associate editor of The Commonweal. This is the last in a series on the layman's hopes in connection with the coming Second Vatican Council.

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This is hardly reasonable, hardly fair. It is much more to the point to recognize how centuries of custom have brought about the present situation; to recognize, that is, that the present generation of clergy (and laity) have been nurtured and shaped by a long tradition of seeing the laity as inactive, decidedly silent members of the Church. Even more to the point, there is little in Canon Law which would appear to sanction the laity's playing a fuller role in the Church. Canonically, there is little to encourage the clergy to give the laity more freedom and responsibility; there is simply no provision at all for the layman to exercise some special role of his own.

Indeed, I think it particularly necessary to recognize that Canon Law spells out in great detail the duties and obligations of the clergy; it scarcely mentions the rights of the laity. The effect of this one-sided stress is to offer little in the way of encouragement to the priest or bishop who might feel inclined to grant greater independence to the laymen under his jurisdiction; the major responsibilities are his and he is the one accountable.

Caution, under these circumstances, is only natural. Nothing enjoins the clergy to delegate responsibility; on the contrary, almost everything enjoins him not to, if only as the course of care and prudence. The inevitable outcome of this canonical situation has been merely to reinforce historical and sociological trends: the isolation of seminary training, the social and educational gap between laity and clergy, and the development of a paternalistic attitude on the part of the clergy and one of passivity on the part of the laity.

This is not to say that the clergy could not do more than they already do; clearly they could. But it does suggest that the supposed tension existing between laity and clergy can easily be misunderstood—if only because there are so many priests who do want the laity to take a more active role. Yet their hands are often as effectively tied—by Canon Law, their bishops, or by their pastors (in the instance of zealous young curates)—as those of the laity. Moreover, many of the supposed lay-clerical tensions often turn out to be tensions of an entirely different order: conflict between liberals and conservatives, younger generation and older, liturgists and mariologists, pluralistic and ghetto Catholics. Nevertheless, despite these important qualifications, it is inescapable that there is an imbalance between laity and clergy in the Church.

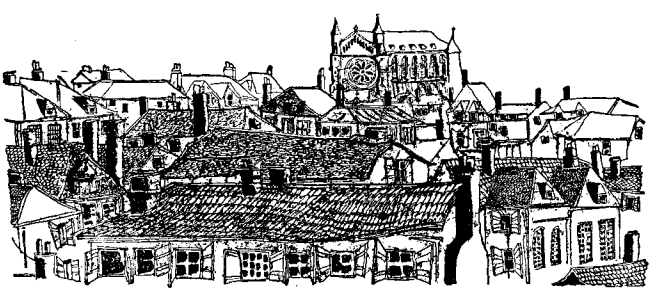
The net impact of this imbalance, while innocuous enough in earlier centuries, has been, in our time, to bring about an increasingly delicate situation. Given the present status of the laity in the Church, it is exceedingly difficult to see how, in fact, lay aspirations can be realized. It is no less difficult to see how clerical aspirations for a more effective, integrated laity can be realized either. Without some fundamental canonical changes and theological development the most that can be hoped for would be slow, halting and probably meager improvements. As things stand now, lay aspiration is for the most part in direct conflict with possibility.

What aggravates this conflict, making it significantly different from similar ones in other eras, is that both education and clerical exhortation have led the layman to set very high goals. It is hardly too much to say that many of the clergy have goaded the laity into expecting and asking for very much from the Church. The laity have done their own part in raising their sights but, on the whole, it is the theologians—indeed, popes and bishops—who have taken the lead in pressing for a fuller participation of the laity in the Church.

THE DANGEROUS part of the conflict between aspiration and possibility lies in the fact that laymen are increasingly being led to expect to play a role which the Church is in no position to let them play. The layman has been incited by the Church to ask for, and anticipate, a freedom and responsibility which, in the end, the contemporary Church is hardly prone to give him. Just as aspiration conflicts with possibility, so too expectation conflicts with probability. Nothing good can come from conflicts of this sort; on the contrary, considerable harm seems an inevitable result.

One obvious result could be anti-clericalism. If the clergy leads the laity to expect changes which it is, in the end, prevented from bringing about (or unwilling in practice to bring about) much good will between laity and clergy is bound to be lost. The clergy will then have done little more than help to create a profoundly frustrated, disenchanted laity. The whole trend in recent decades has been (in theory mainly) toward greater responsibility for the laity: if this responsibility is not in fact given, the results will be far worse than if there had been no movement in the first place.

A reaction has already, to some extent, begun to set in. It can be seen, if the signs will be read, in the unwillingness of many recent Catholic college graduates to join parish or Church organizations; in the flight from Catholic higher education of many young Catholic scholars; in the transference of the zeal of many apostolic Catholics from Church to secular organizations; in the desire of innumerable Catholics to detach themselves from any cultural attachment to



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the Church, to lose themselves in a sheltering, pluralistic society.

The one distinctive thing that is likely to characterize this anti-clericalism—though a-clericalism might be a more precise term—is that it will be the product of thwarted dreams, frustrated hopes, and confounded apostolic zeal. But anti-clericalism is only the worst side of the picture; at the very least, the whole lay apostolate could simply wither away to a feeble, insignificant movement, of little consequence to the ongoing life of the Church. The only possibility for a genuinely effective lay apostolate is a clergy willing and *able* to give laymen both the freedom and respect—and independence—in non-dogmatic matters, needed to make the apostolate viable and attractive.

There is still another dimension to the lay-clerical relationship. One of the great and persistent problems of the Church is to keep popular piety consistent with theological developments. The traditional lag between the work of the theologians and the religious opinions of the people, while somewhat supportable in the past, cannot be afforded today. The liturgical movement, the social teachings of the Church, catechetics, and the Biblical revival have all suffered from this lag. Important and necessary advances have frequently suffered the fate of lay indifference or even hostility. A laity closely attuned to new developments, a laity working harmoniously with the clergy could help provide the kind of popular response to change lacking in the past.

THE PICTURE I have painted so far may seem unrelievedly dark, the possibilities of genuine progress slight. Given only the present structure of the Church, and given only the imbalance between lay aspirations and ecclesiastical reality, there would be little to justify much optimism. Fortunately, there is much more to be said. There is, despite its limitations, the unprecedented establishment of the preparatory commission of the lay apostolate; there is the work of many theologians on the theological problem of the laity, there is the increasing (if not dramatic) reliance of many bishops and priests on lay assistance. There is, most importantly, the undoubted loyalty of the laity to the Church.

The one thing that saves the American Church from classical anti-clericalism is that lay desires are not based on ideals counter to those of the Church; they stem from ideals thoroughly Catholic in origin and content. They stem from ideals held by the Church and affirmed by the Church—but which are not put into practice. The great danger is not loss of faith. The great danger is that of a loss of hope and interest, a loss of zeal and idealism. This would be a grievious loss to the Church, a grievious spiritual loss to those laymen who have staked so much on the future of the lay movement.

Here lies the importance of the Second Vatican Council. It is within the power of the Council to bring about effective reforms, to make those changes which will give both clergy and laity wider scope of action and greater self-responsibility. It can, if it will, do even more: it could, conceivably, give the layman some consultative role in the magisterium itself. There are both historical precedents and common sense reasons to support some move in this direction. The only real hope for an effective, engaged, active laity is that, by some means, they be given a hearing on those hierarchical decisions which intimately concern them, a hearing on those matters which bear directly on their needs, capacities and talents. The great challenge of the Council is to find means to bring this goal about without sacrificing that necessary authority which must remain in the hands of the hierarchy and clergy.

There is no reason why a trained, loyal, integrated laity should in any respect pose a threat to the authority of the Church or its divinely ordained means of teaching and preserving the deposit of faith. There is, even more, no sound reason to assume that the laity would abuse any greater freedom given them. It ought to be within the genius of the Church to find ways of preserving the authority and office of the clergy while at the same time increasing the freedom and self-responsibility of the laity.

The desire of the laity today is only that the clergy engage in some careful soul-searching; that the Council give its utmost attention not only to a more effective utilization of the laity in the Church's mission to the world but also to the needs of the laity with respect to the inner life of the Church. To even face the problems and needs suggested here, much less to find solutions to them, will require much boldness. But it is a boldness not impossible for the Church.

The Change

(To Mary)

During this snow of the fortieth winter
I've been peering eastward through ice-glazed windows
And watching sadly in the false-dawn
The distant and fleeting silhouettes
Of my longed for fortieth summer.
I was one who had always dreamed
That the first silhouettes of her fortieth summer
Would have arisen sure-footed and lively.
Instead they are frightfully tottering and slow moving,
Hopeless, childless, and, worse, flat-bellied.
The fortieth summer is not the last,
But it does silhouette summers to happen, I think,
As this dawn's haze and frost and silent streets
Signal wearily the waiting day.

JOHN MCMANMON, C.S.C.

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A Change of Heart

IN MARCH of 1961, NBC-TV presented a debate on federal aid to parochial schools. The pro side of the argument was handled by Father Neil McCluskey, S.J., then at *America*, the con by Leo Pfeffer of the American Jewish Congress. During the debate Mr. Pfeffer urged what has come to be known as the shared time proposal. He was not, certainly, the first to advance the idea, which had been discussed for a long time in religious and educational circles; however, Mr. Pfeffer was probably the first man to make the proposal via a nationwide television program.

A lot of water has gone over the federal aid dam since early 1961, and Mr. Pfeffer has now reversed his position, as he indicates in a recent article in the *Christian Century* entitled "Second Thoughts on Shared Time." I find his change of heart significant, if disappointing, and I am interested in his reasoning.

Like some conservative Catholics, Mr. Pfeffer sees shared time almost entirely as an alternative to federal aid. This approach naturally colors his view of the whole question.

"The Catholic Church has given no indication that it would cease its demands for inclusion of parochial schools in a federal aid program merely because some communities adopt the shared time plan," Mr. Pfeffer writes. "There is in fact no reason to expect that it would do so; it is far more likely that it would continue to press its demands. The net result would be to impose additional financial burdens upon the public school system rather than to ameliorate its critical needs."

What Mr. Pfeffer wants, in other words, is a bargain. If Catholics will mute their demands for inclusion in federal aid, perhaps they can be supported in the matter of shared time. Mr. Pfeffer is quite correct, I think, in believing that no such bargain will be made, and for good reason. But I find his comments on "additional financial burdens" on the public school system quite strange.

Mr. Pfeffer is, of course, entitled to argue against and resist federal aid for parochial schools. However, I do not see how he can justly cite "additional financial burdens" on the public school system as an argument against my children learning, say, science or a foreign language in the public school system. To Mr. Pfeffer, this might seem like an "additional financial burden," but the fact remains that I pay my full taxes for the support of the public school system. Why, then, cannot my children receive at least part of their schooling from the publicly supported system? Why is educating them in part an "additional financial burden," when in fact they are entitled to receive their entire education in the public school system?

I don't want to belabor the point too much, but in these matters it seems to me that many people talk as if the children being educated in religious schools—and their parents—were somehow "outside" the general body politic. Indeed, I think that in many towns the Catholic schools have come to be taken for granted as a not-so-hidden subsidy. Catholics support parochial schools because they want their children to get a religious education, of course, not to reduce taxes for their neighbors. But when something like shared time comes up, this Catholic, at least, is inclined to resent any suggestion that his children are less entitled than other children to the courses and services offered in the public school.

In his television appearance Mr. Pfeffer argued that shared time would not be unconstitutional. He has not changed his mind on that point. But, as he writes in his article, "What is constitutional is not necessarily wise. And I am convinced that the shared time plan is not wise."

On this score there is obviously plenty of room for men of good will to disagree. Many will be persuaded, as Mr. Pfeffer is, that administrative difficulties would be so great as to render any shared time system unworkable without great damage to education in general. Others will feel, as I do, that we do not yet have enough facts to make a final judgment. I'd like to see the idea seriously tried, by people who would truly like to see it work. If that were done, I think many of the worries now expressed would turn out to be no more than the normal bureaucratic antipathy to seeing things change.

Ultimately, though, I suspect there is one really big difference between those who are flatly opposed to shared time and those who at least would like to see if it could not be made to work. That difference depends on one's estimate of how successful we now are in providing religious education for all American children whose families desire it, whether they are Protestant, Catholic or Jewish.

Some people are completely uninterested in any experimentation like shared time because they are already quite satisfied with the way things are now being done. I, on the other hand, am sympathetic to such proposals because I think we need to do a lot better on religious education than we are now doing. In making this judgment, I am not thinking only about Catholics. Indeed, ironically enough, I think Protestants and Jews need shared time or some improvement in religious education more than Catholics do. Despite the voices now being raised against it, I hope the discussion on shared time is not prematurely marked closed. JAMES O'GARA

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The Crusade in Omaha

You Can Trust Dr. Schwarz

KENNETH L. WOODWARD

DR. FRED C. SCHWARZ openly admits he is divisive. "The sword of truth is always divisive," he replies to critics. Yet, as he learned recently in Omaha, Nebraska, it seldom cuts in his favor. In opening what many observers expected to be the most successful of his anti-Communism "schools" to date, Dr. Schwarz succeeded only in demonstrating what many native Omahans were beginning to doubt: the latent good sense of the local population. At the end of his five-day stand in Omaha, Dr. Schwarz and his Christian Anti-Communist Crusade had only meager attendance figures to record: one session drew a scant 88 people into the city's well-appointed auditorium (capacity: 2,610), and for the tuition-free Youth Rally only 1,750 men, women and sleepy-eyed children showed up.

By all odds the recent Midwest School should have been a smash success. For one thing, the city and its neighboring farm communities are among the most conservative in the country. In recent months they had given encouraging support to Indignation rallies, Freedom rallies, demonstrations against planes for Tito, and recruitment campaigns for the Minutemen. Even a long-distance telephone address by General Walker drew a sizable crowd. But Omaha's greatest response was reserved for Schwarz's own rally staged last November 16th. That night over 7,000 area residents braved a heavy snowstorm to give him a vibrant reception—and incidentally to chuck a great many dollars into the Crusade's coffers.

The school also enjoyed the full support of Omaha's only daily newspaper. This was a considerable if predictable *coup* for the school's public relations efforts since the paper serves the entire state of Nebraska. Recognizing Schwarz as a perfect complement to its own hand-wringing editorials (although with David Lawrence, Morrie Ryskind, Alice Wiedner, Victor Riesel and Barry Goldwater as regular contributors, he was hardly needed), the paper devoted over 1,500 column inches to Schwarz and his followers in the period between his rally and the end of the school—far more than it had given to its favorites in the 1956 and 1960 Presidential elections.

But the surest sign of success was the aura of social respectability cast over the whole affair by the zeal of the local committee that brought Schwarz to Omaha. With nary a Crusade advance man in sight, a group of well-heeled young matrons came down with a bad case of Communist Encirclement all by themselves. Principally afflicted was a gracious young mother of three, a former Republican Congressman's daughter. Certain that America is only one generation away from tyranny and blessed with the appearance and zest of an ex-cheerleader, she and one of her sorority sisters instituted a mother's march on Communism. They began to sponsor an anti-Communist film around town. This led to a series of speaking engagements before local service organizations, and by early fall over 3,000 persons had heard their message.

Eventually an invitation to hold a rally was sent to Schwarz and back bounded a confirmation setting the date just three weeks later. All at once the committee broke into teams: money had to be raised, handbills and placards produced and distributed, endorsements secured. The local daily came to the rescue with front-page stories on Schwarz that helped introduce him to many members of the far-ranging committee. The whole affair was a haphazard arrangement. "Most of us had never even been to a rally before," a co-chairman reflected, "much less sponsored one." Nevertheless, the evening was a striking success.

THE NIGHT of the rally, as the crowd overflowed the music hall into the adjacent auditorium, a local newspaperman and member of the committee leaned over to Schwarz and suggested he hold a school in Omaha. Looking out at the audience, the doctor could do nothing but agree.

Word of the forthcoming "school" traveled fast. Just as quickly, the Schwarz committee reformed as the "Committee of 3,001" and set up an office in the lavish Kiewit Plaza. Crusade newsletters were disseminated throughout the city and community leaders solicited for support. By March it seemed that the success of the school was assured.

But for months opposition had been slowly forming. In January a local group of university professors, clergymen and several business and professional men formed a small group called "Omahans for Common Sense." Their object was to "bring a sense of balance" to the

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KENNETH L. WOODWARD is a newspaperman in Omaha. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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anti-Communist craze. First they reviewed Schwarz's book, in the obvious belief that you can trust Dr. Schwarz to do exactly what he says. A Jesuit philosophy professor cited Schwarz's facile division of all philosophy into idealism and realism, stating that he would flunk any of his sophomores who dared to make such an overstatement. A historian from another local university described the book as "distorted, exaggerated and irresponsible." And a rabbi who had just received a Freedom Foundation Award underlined its lack of faith in America and her institutions.

Judging from Omaha's daily paper, the panel's report fell on deaf ears. To numerous prairie grandmothers and their city kin of all ages, this was simply another conspiracy on the part of the liberal university professors. Letters were printed denouncing the Common Sense group just as the editors had consistently denounced the "left-wing intellectuals" surrounding President Kennedy, and about as reasonably.

But then one of the early backers of the school and a prominent member of the community slowly withdrew his support. In vain the Schwarz group looked for a man of stature to chairman the entire committee. Jewish leaders made it evident that their support would not be forthcoming. The Catholic archbishop gladly noted an out-of-town engagement the week of the school. The head of the local chapter of the National Council of Churches would not lend his name to the school and many Protestant ministers deplored the Protestant tone the project had assumed. Finally, the mayor withdrew an earlier proclamation citing the school in favor of another which named "every week" anti-Communism week.

Then on May 3rd, four days before schooltime, the weekly newspaper that serves the Omaha area printed the first really informative treatment of the whole controversy. It devoted two full, side-by-side pages to each of the committees and their platforms. The Omaha daily reserved its strength for the end. Two nights before, it sanctimoniously declined to endorse the school "officially" but unofficially urged all to attend and judge for themselves. Finally, it printed a special communication from California—a crude and ill-informed column written by Morrie Ryskind especially for Omaha, attacking the Common Sense group and specifically the Jesuit professor and his university.

Thus before the school had even opened, Dr. Schwarz had managed to throw the community into uproar. The issues at stake were whether the school and Dr. Schwarz were intellectually sound, whether the school really did promote right-wing and anti-government policies, and whether, in spite of its mixed religious faculty and open invitation to all faiths, it fostered particular religious objectives.

As attendance figures proved, most of the citizens of Omaha had already decided for themselves. Whether through apathy, as Schwarz would like to believe, or as a result of considered judgment, they stayed away. His various committees alone were nearly enough to account for his audience. But the intellectual, political and religious issues still remained to be proved.

In his opening lecture, to a thin audience of 200, Schwarz set down the primary aim of the school: knowledge of the Communist conspiracy and particularly its consistency with its own ideology. Later he told his pupils that what he had to say would be simple, not complex, "for any idiot can be complex."

And simple he was. Mixing his talents as lay preacher, mass rally leader, and folksy physician, he proceeded to place his audience in a frame of mind hardly conducive to rational deliberation. In the space of a decade, he told the horrified mothers, the Red materialists would encircle the United States and it would capitulate, and their children would become wards of a Communist state. From there he moved into the world of philosophy. Once again he divided all philosophy into idealism and realism, which he equated with materialism. ("Idealism says that reality is primarily thought, realism that matter is primary and thought derivative.") He then likened the dialectical form of materialism to the up and down stroke of a hammer. With these and other bits taken directly from his book, Schwarz called for an intellectual offensive against Communism. He told of debates with Party members in which he had crushed them with arguments such as these. But the fate of the world depended also on his listeners, and they could continue the battle by buying his books and other brochures. After the school they could carry on the crusade by purchasing tapes of his lectures ($5.00 apiece, $75.00 for a full set).

There was little chance to raise questions or follow up arguments. Instead, pupils were left muttering to themselves over the laxity of our government and the vicissitudes of U.S. foreign policy. But apparently it was what they wanted to hear.

Not so the students of the local Jesuit high school, however. Following an afternoon lecture there, one boy asked Schwarz if he had read the recent encyclical *Mater et Magistra*. He hadn't. (Nor had he read the seventy-year-old encyclical on atheistic Communism.) Another student maintained the value of foreign aid as outlined by the Pope, to which Schwarz replied that this was merely an application of dialectical materialism by the free world and as such wouldn't work. Later, a

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university student asked him the name of Feuerbach's most important book, and Schwarz replied, "*Thus Spake Zarathustra*"!

But if Schwarz' shabby intellectual performance went unnoticed by the audience, the political convictions of his lecturers did not. Absolving himself from any responsibility for their views, he stood quietly by while various speakers voiced their contempt for Adlai Stevenson ("U.N. Ambassador to the U.S."); Averell Harriman ("handing over Laos to the Communists"); Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. ("a socialist in high government circles"). While speaker after speaker roundly denounced United States foreign policy, assured the audience that the Alliance for Progress was a mistake, urged American withdrawal from the U.N., excoriated "deluded liberals"—in short, while his speakers exhibited every blunt instrument of the right wing, Schwarz blandly denied understanding the term. Later in answer to a direct question during a private interview, he insisted that his school was intended for "every voter and potential voter in the United States."

As the speakers told of horrors in Laos and British Guiana, the ladies busied themselves outside, their committee buttons protruding from svelte dresses and fur stoles. The table laden with Lenin's collected works and Communist picture magazines bore a large sign: "Not For Sale." One young committee woman wondered whether our government was doing anything to advertise the U.S. (She had never heard of the United States Information Agency.) Another talked of the vacation she needed after her exhausting efforts. The men stood about condemning "creeping socialism" and quoting Dan Smoot's newsletter. One admitted to reading *Harper's*—that "pinko publication." On the book table lay a reprint from *Modern Age* exposing Walter Lippmann. None of those present had ever seen the publication. A few had seen copies of *The National Review;* none had ever heard of *The Nation, The Commonweal* or *The New Republic.*

Thursday night the ticket-takers abandoned their posts for the free Youth Rally. Originally scheduled for the baseball stadium, the committee prudently switched to the smaller auditorium. On stage a group of clergymen and school teachers were seated below two larger-than-life head photos of Schwarz and Herb Philbrick. For better than three hours the star performers warned of Communism's seductive appeal to young intellects while teenage boys roamed the outer corridors, young marrieds held hands in the upper tiers and tired fathers soothed sleepy infants. Youth, apparently, had other matters in mind.

Friday afternoon the school closed with a "Program of Action" designed by yet another Communist "expert," W. P. Strube, Jr. Sporting impeccable credentials for the task (he is president of an insurance company and, as a director of the Crusade, responsible for much of its propaganda), Strube urged his pupils to buy up the remaining books, pamphlets, comic books and tapes of the lectures and invite their unwary neighbors to an innocent barbecue for anti-Communist indoctrination. He also urged them to play the tapes in company lunchrooms and cram pay envelopes with Crusade pamphlets. Rising to religious fervor he dismissed them with the command to spread the gospel of anti-Communism.

All pretense of non-sectarianism vanished at the Victory dinner that night. The 500 people in attendance heard, in turn, a young man from Haiti speak of the Christian fight against Communism there, a Protestant missionary tell of the Crusade's plans in Africa and more of the indefatigable Strube and his Biblical aphorisms. The distinction between the Fundamentalist Crusade and the non-sectarian school was shelved in favor of donations from the guests. The money, they were told, would be spent for the Crusade's missions (although its expensive financing of political parties in British Guiana was not mentioned). They responded by putting $17,000 into the till, five of the committeemen contributing half the amount.

THEN IT was over. For some it had been a "fun" project; for others, a "temporary irritant." Business went off as usual Monday and there seemed little chance that lunchrooms or paychecks would be violated.

The Schwarz committee dissolved into its component households, tired and self-satisfied. They looked forward to production of the tapes, if only to listen themselves. Most had been too busy to hear the lectures: as the young mother who started it all remarked, "Some day I'll have to attend one of these schools." By her own count she had missed over half the sessions.

Schwarz moved on to New York. His August engagement there had been a preoccupation with him throughout his Omaha stand, and now he was free to give it his fullest attention. But, as his New York advance sheets indicate, he has learned from his failure in Omaha. Aware that he now faces responsible analysis from the Eastern press, he has carefully avoided any hint of special religious or political pleading. Yet his simplicity is such that you can trust Dr. Schwarz to repeat exactly what he's already said.

The "Omahans for Common Sense" seem destined for further development. Having outlived the Schwarz fiasco, the group is evolving into a responsible forum for interfaith cooperation. The community in general will undoubtedly retain its conservative character, but the chances of Omaha's again being embarrassed by local clubwomen appear to dim. The city continues to look to its universities, its clergymen and its mature opinion leaders for responsible direction. For the present, at least, the right wing is drooping badly. It can ill afford another school for scandal.

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THE SCREEN

That Little Tent of Blue

IT IS INTERESTING that two films should turn up at the same time, both about prison inmates who made names for themselves while in the penitentiary. Both pictures are based on fact, and the central characters of both are killers whose stories are concerned not so much with their crimes as with their rehabilitation. Although "Birdman of Alcatraz" (United Artists), about Robert E. Stroud, a self-educated man who spent part of his fifty-three years in prison writing an authoritative book on birds, is the better of the two movies, I prefer "Reprieve" (Allied Artists) probably because its central figure, artist John Resko, is a simpler, more understandable and even likable character.

Robert Stroud has been in prison ever since he killed a man in Alaska in 1909 (not shown in "Birdman"). Then, after knifing a fellow inmate in the first prison, he was transferred to Leavenworth where he killed a tough guard. For this he received the death sentence, commuted by President Wilson to life imprisonment. "Birdman" is the story of that life.

Very well directed by John Frankenheimer, who avoids many of the usual prison clichés and guides Burt Lancaster in the best performance of his career, "Birdman" becomes a sort of prison Robinson Crusoe. Stroud has spent more than forty years in solitary confinement; and the film concentrates on his restlessness, his growing interest in canaries after he saves three sparrows, his turning his cell into an aviary and laboratory, his pursuit of chemistry, medicine and other studies, his development of Stroud's Bird Salts, and his writing the well-known and highly commended *Stroud's Digest of the Diseases of Birds.*

In spite of his ability to devote himself to birds, a devotion that becomes almost fanatic, Stroud is beset with problems, and Burt Lancaster succeeds admirably in conveying the man's difficult, confused personality. Through long stretches of the film, Lancaster is the whole show as he portrays the fierce, struggling, complex man who is thoughtful and gentle with his feathered friends but often brutal with his fellow men. The supporting cast is large and many of the roles small. Outstanding are Karl Malden as the warden who feels he has failed with Stroud and is determined to make him toe the line, Neville Brand as a rough guard who softens toward the prisoner, Edmond O'Brien as Tom Gaddis who wrote the book on which Guy Trosper based his script, Betty Field as a bird fancier who becomes Stroud's wife in what is probably the oddest marriage ever described in a movie, Thelma Ritter as Stroud's possessive mother.

Most of these characters are only hinted at; in fact, this is the greatest failing of the film: too often the script seems not to be telling the whole story. In spite of the fact that "Birdman" is a most engrossing movie and a stirring tribute to man's ability to rise above adverse circumstances, we keep wanting to know more about this man. Part of this feeling comes from the knowledge that Stroud, now seventy-two and in a prison hospital, has been eligible for parole since 1937. Recently Attorney General Robert Kennedy said: "I cannot in good conscience recommend to the President that it would be in the public interest or to Mr. Stroud's benefit that his sentence be commuted at this time." The movie itself may help Stroud, but I'm not sure that the advertisements for it, calling him "the most defiant man alive," will aid his cause.

JOHN RESKO, whose story is told in "Reprieve," killed a man while robbing a store, was condemned to death, reprieved by Governor Franklin Roosevelt and sentenced to life imprisonment, then spent nineteen years in Dannemora Prison before he was paroled. His is a case of rehabilitation that works. At first this resentful man was no model prisoner. His attempted escapes and misbehaviors were like any other bad prisoner's. But when a keeper, excellently played by Stuart Whitman, succeeded in interesting Resko in joining the prison class in painting, the man changed. His pictures received recognition. Museums and artists became interested in Resko, and he himself grew. And since his parole, he has continued as an artist, and as a writer. It was on his own autobiography that Millard Kaufman wrote the screenplay.

Kaufman also directed the movie; and if his picture is at times much more conventional as a prison movie than "Birdman," it is because Resko's story is more conventional—and almost pat as a tale of conversion and redemption. Ben Gazzara gives a very moving performance as Resko, the unwilling murderer, the unwilling prisoner, the changing man and the new man. The large supporting cast includes Ray Walston, Vincent Price (as Carl Carmer, the novelist who advanced Resko's cause), Rod Steiger, Broderick Crawford, and many others, some of whom appear in brief roles, roles so brief, in fact, that one wonders why a star would bother with them. But "Reprieve" is a heartening picture and one definitely worth seeing.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

AN APPEAL: Floods have destroyed rice crops in Manipur and Assam, India. The feeding of 200 destitute children in the Don Bosco Youth Center at Imphal has reached the crisis stage. Contributions should be sent to Rev. A. M. Ravalico, c/o Salesian Missions, 148 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y., or directly c/o Savio Juniorate, (Mawlai) Shillong, Assam, India (Airmail: 25c).

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CORRESPONDENCE

Prayer and the Court

Santa Barbara, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: In "Religion and the Free Society," a pamphlet published by the Fund for the Republic in 1958, Arthur Cohen wrote: "There can be no lasting resolution of the Church-State problem until the people, not the courts, reflect upon just what it is that aggrieves them, what vagueness torments them, what fears aggravate their suspicions and compel them to reject the conciliations of reason and appeal to the 'paternalism' of the law."

I thought of these words when the Supreme Court handed down its recent decision on prayer in the public school. As soon as one read the headline one knew that it would be followed by anguished cries from many churchmen, from certain members of Congress, and of course from those perennial critics of the Court whose abiding quarrel, one suspects, is more with Thomas Jefferson than it is with Earl Warren.

One was ready, then, for the inevitable statements in the press and for the "shock," "horror," "alarm" and "disgust" that abounded in them. As is usual in such controversies, theologians did not hesitate to hand down a few legal pronunciamentos with their outcries, while the lawyers and politicians, in the middle of theirs, often slyly ascended the pulpit for a few remarks on what is and is not good for religion. Even President Kennedy, who may have made the most sensible observation when he pointed out at a press conference that the Court had not made prayer illegal but only a specific religious act in a specific place, chanced a run-in with POAU by delivering himself of a pastoral fervorino.

One can never be quite sure why the Justices turn down one hot potato and cheerfully accept another. But in this case it most certainly was not to enhance the wavering popularity of the Warren Court. For, though the doctrinaire secularists, a number of spokesmen for the Jewish community, the ACLU, and certain others surprised no one by hailing the decision, it was not generally well received. And I don't suppose the members of the Court ever expected it to be. All the more honor to them, then, that they were willing to do their duty and brave the inevitable storm. But was their decision a reasonable one? That of course is the central question, and it is a juridical question not a theological question, and the answer to it should not depend on anyone's religious opinions, especially the Justices'.

To consider such a question, one should above all recall what the constitutional issue was. Some subsequent comment sounded as if the Court has forbidden little children to pray, as a correspondent in our local paper put it, but of course the *where* and *when* and *how* of the prayer were all important. The prayer was composed by, or at least presented by, a governmental body to be led by a teacher and recited in the public schools of New York as part of the day's classroom activities.

To be sure, the prayer, though it reflected basic Judaeo-Christian teaching about the Fatherhood of God, was studiously "non-denominational" and joining in it was not obligatory. For example, the children of atheists, agnostics, Buddhists, and those devout Jews who are opposed to praying publicly with Gentiles needed only to refrain from participation; there was no penalty involved. Nevertheless, the majority of the Court, seeing the practice a "religious activity" and as "part of a government program to further religious beliefs," found it "wholly inconsistent" with the religion clause of the First Amendment.

The lone dissenter, Justice Stewart, was concerned about a contradictory danger. The majority's finding looked to him like a step to deny children "the opportunity of sharing in the spiritual heritage of our nation." Justice Stewart, I should think, more nearly reflected lay opinion than the other members of the Court, though the force of his verbal dissent was much less cogent than Justice Black's tripping syllogisms.

In any case, once again we are left with Arthur Cohen's question—just what is it that aggrieves us, what vagueness torments us, what fears aggravate our suspicion? Is it the present Court, or is it the Constitution itself?

There appear to be two general ways to interpret the religion clause of the First Amendment. According to the first, the clause means that no one sect or denomination can be "established" or favored over another, but "religion"—the dominant Judaeo-Christian versions of religion, in any case—may, and under certain circumstances perhaps should, be encouraged, sustained, and even propagated with governmental assistance. To do so, the argument goes, is thoroughly consistent with our traditions; moreover, these traditions are quite in keeping with the history and character of Americans, who are preeminently a "religious people." When the Court curtails, cuts back, or eliminates any expressions of this "tradition" the Justices are in effect encouraging secularism, godlessness, and irreligion, if not "establishing" them. An added emotional argument heard these days is that they are also delighting and encouraging our Communist enemies and demoralizing the Communists' helpless victims abroad.

According to the second interpretation of the Amendment, Government is forbidden to aid, abet, or encourage any and all religions, combinations of religions, or syncretic version of Religion writ large. The New York school boards, in this view, would be no

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more authorized to promote a "non-denominational" prayer than to put their authority behind the daily recital of the *Hail Mary* or three verses from the *Koran.*

Elements of both understandings of the First Amendment are reflected in our culture, and proponents of both can cite history, tradition, and judicial decisions to back up their claims. Indeed, both sides can recite favorite utterances from members of the present Supreme Court to clinch their arguments. One group, for instance, cherishes Justice Douglas's language in the *Zorach* case: "The First Amendment . . . does not say that in every and all respects there shall be a separation of Church and State. Rather, it studiously defines the manner, the specific ways, in which there shall be no concert or union or dependency one on the other. That is the common sense of the matter . . . " The other group is just as fond of Justice Black's flat dictum in the *Everson* case: "In the words of Jefferson, the clause against establishment of religion by law was intended to erect 'a wall of separation between church and state.' "

Certainly the opening of Congressional sessions with prayer, the commissioning of military officers as chaplains, the proclamation of Thanksgiving Day by the President, the pallid deistic sentiments found in our Declaration of Independence and national mottos, etc., strengthen the argument of the "traditionalists." But, their opponents, who claim that the more authentic "tradition" is on their side, insist on asking whether these practices grew up in spite of, rather than because of, the Constitution? Given the First Amendment, they argue, is a government-sponsored prayer as anomolous as slavery was during all those years before the Civil War?

After the well publicized "alarm," "shock," "horror," and "disgust" expressed immediately after the Court's decision, and especially after the cold-war irrelevancies dragged into the public discussion, one might wish that such questions as these might finally be resolved—or at least submitted for popular debate free of acrimony—before more Church-State cases are accepted by the Court. Indeed, if the honorable members of the Court were to give any firm evidence that they had made up their own minds on the basic issue, their decisions might not so often strike the layman as contradictory and uncertain. Best of all, the Court might look forward to more public understanding of its aims and purposes the next time it feels called upon to resolve a question like the New York school prayer.

JOHN COGLEY

Federal Aid

Troy, Ohio

TO THE EDITORS: The Editors of The Commonweal should know I did not compare the magazine's criticism of the Bishops in the matter of federal aid with the position of Leander Perez and Mrs. Gaillot. Far from drawing "odious comparisons," I went to considerable pains to make clear there was no comparison. What I did say was that The Commonweal's incomplete formula for criticism, as you stated it, could be accepted without changing a word by such people. This is undoubtedly embarrassing for you but it is true.

I do not doubt the sincerity of the editors of The Commonweal but I do not like your blithe assumption that those who disagree with you are guilty of political coercion. What you seem unable to understand is that many people believe that federal aid for education that denies any benefits to parochial school students is discriminatory. Catholics are already paying local and state taxes for education without receiving any benefits for their children; addition of federal taxes might well be sufficient to do serious harm to the entire parochial school system.

President Kennedy says aid for parochial school students is unconstitutional but then President Kennedy isn't the one who decides such matters. Many experts on constitutional law believe such aid, given directly to the students, the money to go where the student went, would be constitutional. So why shouldn't Catholics ask their children be given this aid? If the Supreme Court says such aid is unconstitutional then that is that—but if no such legislation is passed then how is a decision to be made?

I feel quite certain that if federal aid to education legislation is passed that excludes parochial students from benefits, the action will be irretrievable. There will be no later provisions for the excluded students. Catholics, already burdened by local and state taxes as they maintain their own system, will then be paying federal taxes for education, too—and somewhere the money will run out.

I consider it political coercion when one group refuses to support legislation unless the friends of that legislation support some other unrelated legislation the group wants. But I do not consider it political coercion when a group opposes legislation it believes to be incomplete and discriminatory, asking that what it believes to be discriminatory be removed before it can be supported.

Finally, let me say I am pleased with James O'Gara's discussions of the shared time concept. In our Operation Understanding edition of *Our Sunday Visitor,* which goes to 14,000 Protestant clergymen, we have been discussing this for nearly two years. Mr. O'Gara will be interested to know the clergymen who read our paper, ranging over many denominations, have expressed overwhelming approval of shared time. There are many problems to be solved but the support given the plan by so many clergymen suggests to me this may be the answer.

DALE FRANCIS

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1897-1962

Faulkner's Yes and No

RICHARD GILMAN

I NEVER met Faulkner. I would have been afraid to. At the time when writers began to matter to me and were mysterious and charismatic figures whose works and persons were inextricable in my mind, he was the most mysterious and legendary and forbidding of them all. I would have been far more abashed and dumbstruck to have found him sitting across a table from me when I was fifteen than if it had been Scott Fitzgerald or Thomas Wolfe or Hemingway. He came, for one thing, from a place so much farther away, imaginatively; he dealt with matters whose substance, or at least whose surface, was more alien to me than that of the others. For a long time I thought of him as I did of the South—dark and irrational and cruel. Like a great many others I read *Sanctuary* first and then nothing more for a while, so its impression prevailed.

And then one day five years ago I saw him on Fifth Avenue and followed him for several blocks, no more able to approach him than I would have been as a youth, despite the fact that by now I had long since read all he had written and knew his humor and humanity and had been told of his simplicity. And how approachable he seemed, too, with his air of a country squire or gentleman farmer in for the day, walking slowly and alone, without any apparent destination, but not sight-seeing either. I was surprised by how short and frail he was, in his tight tweed jacket with leather elbow patches and a Tyrolean hat with a green feather, and a pipe sticking out of the corner of his mouth. But all I did was after a while draw abreast of him and meet his eyes, recording in my memory the brusque mustache and heavy eyebrows and keen hawk's nose.

I think a great many Americans must have felt the way I did about William Faulkner and about his work. Just as it was hard for me to change the first image I had had of him, so it took me a long time to see that there was nothing bigger in our recent literature than what he had done. He lacked the immediate appeal that Hemingway, for example, made to our sense of our condition, our straitened and thwarted sensibilities and hunger for a breakthrough. The great issues of the thirties were things he touched only tangentially, and the War scarcely figured in his work at all. Technically, he was too massive and idiosyncratic and disorderly to really learn from, though later I came to appreciate the structural achievements of works like *The Sound and the Fury* and *The Bear* and the deepening of narrative resources that his writing had been able to accomplish.

The catalogue of his weaknesses has been published many times: the run-on sentences, the repetitions, the compulsion to pile up synonyms ("he said, declared, asserted") the great stretches of declamation and the frequently entirely unconvincing philosophizing. A work of his middle period like *Pylon,* no less than the very early *Soldier's Pay* or *Mosquitoes,* is almost impossible to read. *The Hamlet* was perhaps his last really successful novel, although *A Fable,* for all that it attempts the impossible and is painfully distended and over-simple, has enormous conviction behind it, and the last two Snopes novels have magnificent stretches, particularly when he got back on target—on Flem's rise and fall and Mink's narrow onrushing fatality. But in novels like *The Unvanquished, Requiem for a Nun* and *Intruder in the Dust* he seemed almost to be parodying himself.

Almost everyone is agreed that his splendor and richness were chiefly concentrated in that period of five years or so during the late twenties and early thirties when he wrote *Sanctuary, Sartoris, The Sound and the Fury, As I Lay Dying* and *Light in August.* None of his books after the first few is entirely detachable from the body of his work, although much critical energy has, I think, been misspent in the desire to see and elucidate a conscious, planned, microcosmic order in his mythical Mississippi county. But if you were to read only those five novels, the last four especially, plus *Go Down, Moses* and a half-dozen stories including *The Bear,* you would know all his main themes, passions and obsessions, the means he used, the elements of his furious, japing, avid, inconsolable and perhaps, in the end, only half-liberated vision.

WE HAVE heard a great deal during the past few weeks about what that vision was. As a word of summation we use the one he used, "prevail"—man's prevailing upon the earth and not merely enduring, the line with which he ended his Nobel Prize acceptance speech after having first employed it in *A Fable,* though of course the idea runs through everything he wrote. Yet I think we do him an injustice if even for memorializing or funerary or epigrammatic purposes we apostrophize him along those lines. It is too easy; it is like celebrating Shakespeare for his "knowledge of man," or Dostoievsky

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for his penetration into the recesses of the soul or, as a year ago, Hemingway for his pursuit of courage and honor as values among men.

Even for Faulkner himself the temptation was always to be explicit about the dispositions and intentions of his writing, so that he sometimes substituted them, in those tirades of Gavin Stevens or some other of his conscious, voluble narrators, for what should have been created. The most honor we can do him now is to think of him as a novelist, not as a raiser of banners or as the proprietor of one of those shops where we buy our periodical supplies of large and satisfying notions about existence.

As a novelist he did, I think, the work that that species of creator is supposed to do: he made bridges, bigger ones, between areas of experience, than any of his American contemporaries. Lionel Trilling has said that the great novelist is the one who bodies forth in the same creative act his society's "yes and no," its affirmations and denials, holding them in an absolute, unreleasable tension. Faulkner did that but went beyond it. Somewhere he describes it himself, how his work attempts to contain all the major emotions, the pity, anger, fear, love, compassion, hate and laughter that make up the "warp and woof" of existence and that stretch between the two poles of "man's rapacity and his idealism."

In the end, as I think of him dead, none of the horrors or darkness or inchoate sufferings in his novels give them their final quality. Nor does anything as programmatic and comforting as the *idea* that man will prevail rise from them. What I think of is something simpler, something immensely more difficult, that ultimate serenity which can only be won after everything has been gone through. I remember that the last lines of *Light in August*, to me his supreme novel, when Lena Grove, after the cataclysms and unheard of pain that has filled her story, remarks: "My, my. A body does get around. Here we ain't been coming from Alabama but two months, and now it's Tennessee."

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The Graveyard: Rabat

With my friend I have walked above
the Arab dead and wondered if
the bone and ash we scattered
were the ghosts of some just Arabs
brought to resurrection before their time.

A cliff of clouds had fallen on the air—
taut, massive, heavy in the light,
a stiff vapor that seemed mountains
in my eyes, wandering among the fences
and towers of the dead to the ancient
rampart on the brink of the Atlantic.

We walked along the sea. I picked
shells; my friend, a glaring white-bone
stretched upon his palm, asked me if I
thought a part of some dead Arab had slipped
through the weed and marble of the slope
and slid upon the sand.

(My mind can hold but one thought at most
and then my brain had struggle with a dream,
a grand thing of ancient signs and metaphor,
for a ghost of emerald followed me one day
upon the sea and I could not shake him
from my blood.)

"Is this a knuckle
bone?" he said.

Three gulls, their wings
radiant with blaze cracked on the light
above our heads and an Arab, his burnoose
threaded with stems and leaves of sun
fled past us to the quay, and at the edge,
in a stab that nailed the hour to my eyes,
he fell in runs of black and leaden chimes
into the waters at our feet and the bone
we looked at twitched and blasted in the heat.

NED O'GORMAN

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The Development of Teilhard's Thought

Letters from a Traveller. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Harper & Brothers. $4.

by Leonard F. X. Mayhew

THE FASCINATING travels of a personality, vividly described in the immediacy of informal letters written *en route,* are an infallible formula for interest. Whether such letters will amount to anything more than an entertainment is, of course, entirely another question.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, however, was no mere wander-lusting eccentric with a quick eye and a bright pen. He was, by any standard we may reasonably set, one of the most gifted and influential figures of our time, an extraordinary man with an extraordinary vision, absolutely unique and original in his generation. His collected letters cover thirty-two years of the interval between World War I and Korea—geographically, from positions in Europe, Asia and America and spiritually, from the vantage point of a deeply mystical Christian faith and a scientific insight of undoubted genius.

As a Jesuit scholastic, Teilhard taught for three years in Cairo. Following military service in World War I, he was a professor of geology in Paris and began to achieve the eminence in his field which was to make him during his lifetime a highly respected figure in the world-wide scientific community and a revered friend of such men as Sir Julian Huxley. In 1923 Père Teilhard entered the most important phase of his activity when he went to China, where his geological and paleontological work was to be centered for most of the remainder of his life, but he continued to travel—to Mongolia, India, South Africa, France and America.

In 1924, Teilhard's writings came under criticism from his religious superiors because of errors of expression on a theological theme. From this time on, he was not again involved in teaching and his major works were only published posthumously. As a result, however, he enjoyed even greater freedom for scientific research and speculation than he might otherwise have had. He died in New York City, in April 1955.

The letters of Teilhard de Chardin, edited by his cousin, Claude Aragonnès, possess more than the incidental interest of the occasional writings of a famous person. Vigorous and poetic, they illumine the line of development that Teilhard's thought followed from its fundamental intuitions of the "wholeness" of the universe and the place of the person in the process of evolution. We see new details as they are added to the basic ideas and as Teilhard achieved a greater precision in understanding the synthesis he was striving to accomplish. More important, they form a sort of protracted footnote to the views he has expressed in *The Divine Milieu* and especially in *The Phenomenon of Man,* since the letters cover and extend beyond the time in which these major works were written. They should greatly clarify the ambiguity raised in much of the criticism of Teilhard's views and should cast new light upon his approach.

His letters make it clear that Teilhard considered himself neither a philosopher nor a speculative theologian. His personal religious life was deeply mystical and at the same time well-balanced enough to foster in him a sincerely humble and tolerant attitude toward the practical demands of "hard" reality. His professional viewpoint (which is what concerns us here) was always that of the practicing and speculative naturalist who viewed the universe—as his science demanded he view it—as composed of phenomena to be analyzed and organized into a logical synthesis. His vision of the evolution of the "noosphere" and of the "hominisation" of the universe is phenomenological, achieved by applying the experimental method to the entire panorama of reality *as it makes itself known to us.*

Reality includes God, human reflection, Christianity and a host of other facts usually within the metaphysician's preserve which Teilhard could not consistently exclude from his range of vision. Every abstraction is not necessarily metaphysical. Père Teilhard frequently defended his viewpoint by pointing to the obvious fact that there exist different planes of knowledge and speculation, each with its proper laws and autonomy. He found no conflict between his Christian faith and his scientific conclusions. On the contrary, he found confirmation of the accuracy of his position in the integral agreement he felt it possessed with the postulates of Catholicism.

Teilhard de Chardin was very much a man of our time. His hope for mankind and for Christianity responds to the deepest aspirations (even if they are often expressed negatively) for human solidarity and an ordered finality in history felt by the best minds of our time. This hope receives a very moving expression in his *La Messe sur le monde:* "in the heart of this formless mass you have planted an irresistible and sanctifying urge which makes each one of us, from the godless man to the man of faith, cry out 'Lord, make us to be one!'"

Imagination as Self-Preservation

The Achievement of Wallace Stevens. Edited by Brown and Haller. Lippincott. $5.

by Bette Richart

THIS BOOK presupposes interest in, and somewhat more than casual familiarity with, the poetry of Wallace Stevens. Granted this premise, it is a book you won't be able to put down. Apart from its other charms, it affords the critic his uniquely unholy pleasure of sitting in judgment upon his confrères, most of whom in this case have seen only sequins, rather than the configuration, the to-

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tal kaleidoscope, of this rare, bejewelled mind. *Ex post facto,* it is easy to say that; yet it does seem amazing that sound critics, following the appearance of *Harmonium* in 1923, should have begun to write of the "dandyism" of Wallace Stevens. It was the sort of error that makes us famous, a misjudgment comparable to those made about the initial exhibit of the Impressionists, and later of the Fauves, in painting.

Stevens, for all his wit, is surely among the most serious of major modern poets; his Crispin can teach us more concerning reality than Sweeney can, because that was the point of Crispin's voyages and tremors. "The Comedian as the Letter C," as well as his blood-brother, "The Man with the Blue Guitar," develop completely Stevens' life-long preoccupation, the interplay between imagination and reality. For him indeed reality is that interplay. Which is real, the plum in the poet's mind, or the plum on the plate? "The plum survives its poems," he says, but doesn't say which plum, the one in the poem or on the plate.

Perhaps because of his technical virtuosity, which "fascinates us like a shining bait," Stevens has not been adequately considered as an aesthetician; his relationship to Kant's aesthetic theory, for instance, would reward exploration. He sees "imagination as the will of things," but is far from the world as will and idea. Reality is never merely *ding-an-sich,* while art remains a necessary satisfaction.

The difficulty in evaluating Pierrot-as-philosopher lies in the curious amalgam of romanticism and classicism which constitutes Stevens' poetic personality. Crispin and Cyrano have many superficial qualities in common; they exist as bravura pieces first of all, but Crispin is set apart by "ideas of order"—a phrase purely classical in its implications. Crispin's life, too, is classical (not commonplace) in its disciplines: as a young man trying to understand reality, then finding love and begetting children, he transcends the pattern of Everyman by virtue of his unrelenting awareness. Stevens himself remarked that the poet seems to confer his identity upon the reader; certainly he conferred his upon his "heroes"—a word aptly, even brilliantly, employed, by Geoffrey Moore about Stevens, in one of the best evaluations in the book. A far cry from dandy to hero, as well as an interesting study in the evolution of critics!

Another distinguished insight is Michel Benamou's "Some Relations Between Poetry and Painting." Relating one art to another is always a delicate and dangerous business, and is only occasionally profitable. But a few poets (Benamou names Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Rilke, Apollinaire, Stevens) have created a world so visual that a comparison with painting is not only instructive but inevitable. Delmore Schwartz has spoken of "a vision instructed in the museums"—a statement true of an increasing number of poets, and signally true of Stevens, who had money and taste enough to be something of a collector. Benamou says "A constant preoccupation of the impressionist, whether poet or painter, is to restore the innocence of the eye"—a wise and holy saying, more true of Stevens, perhaps, than of Pissarro or Monet, who seemed as much concerned with the eye's subtlety as with its innocence, perhaps.

Another point, unexplored in this collection, is the similarity and difference between Stevens' "necessary angel" of reality and Rilke's angel of the self. Apart from its linguistic techniques, one of Stevens' most scintillant poems, "Evening without Angels," might well have been written by Rilke himself. On the other hand, a comparison with Walt Whitman is fruitless, since it is nowhere evident save in the invocational opening of one poem, "Some Decorations for a Nigger Cemetery."

Nor does anyone discuss Stevens' peculiar, charming, evocative titles, poems in themselves, and so unlike anything else in literature. But eventually somebody will, and meantime this book explores his achievement adequately on many levels—especially, as one might expect, on the linguistic. Miss Marianne Moore, who certainly should know, points out the intense consciousness of his techniques, and Randall Jarrell, Samuel French Morse and Louis Martz directly clarify several of the greatest poems.

But Stevens himself, brave analyst that he was, has best summarized his most life-giving lesson: "Imagination seems, in the last analysis, to have something to do with self-preservation." The man with the blue guitar (Stevens' symbol of imagination) survives his questioners.

> "They said 'You have a blue guitar.
> You do not play things as they are.'
> The man replied 'Things as they are
> Are changed upon the blue guitar.'"

That is why, in defiance of Eliot, humankind can sometimes bear very much reality.

Novel of a Poet-in-Residence

Now Bless Thyself. By Elizabeth Sewell. Doubleday. $3.95.

by Catharine Hughes

THERE ARE several ways of approaching Elizabeth Sewell's new novel. One would be in the form of a "name that university" guessing game; another might be everybody's favorite: is it/why isn't it a "Catholic novel"? Either would do *Now Bless Thyself* something of a disservice. Miss Sewell, an extremely gifted novelist, sees to it that we do neither; or, if we do, that they are purely secondary concerns.

"Auber" University and the adjoining Holy Ghost University make up her principal setting. Coming there from England as poet-in-residence, following a personal tragedy which has slightly shaken her somewhat existential Catholicism, the narrator quickly becomes a part of the university scene. Deftly handling the day-to-day classroom sequences, the casual encounters and the lasting friendships, Miss Sewell, herself better known as a poet, displays that power of quick observation and understanding of the "foreign" which so often mark the true poet's grasp of

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a world viewed through eyes to which it is continually new.

If there is a certain aura of unreality about elements of *Now Bless Thyself*, it can perhaps be attributed to the narrator's own reluctance to reveal too much of herself. Instead, through four other characters—Kay, Joe, Rinaldo and Antonelli—the unnamed poet takes on a form which, though it falls somewhat short of multi-dimensional, is probably the best vehicle for the soundings, trials and tragedy of their lives. "Tragedy" because each, ultimately, is that: her husband Kay, with his misguided past and more misguided death; Joe, who learns something of the meaning of love, but learns equally that the textbooks and sonnets have failed to tell the whole story; Rinaldo, the ex-Communist professor, an idealist who learns from the young that he is "too old," that the revolutions of the past have become the paper battles of the present; Antonelli, at once too young and too old to avoid the obligation which calls him. In Miss Sewell's hands, they vibrate with their agonies, sing with their joys.

Throughout *Now Bless Thyself*, Miss Sewell's sensitivity to her environment is perhaps the most impressive factor. Campus elections, faculty meetings, an Italian wedding, a college cocktail party, become almost tangibly present. Yet, unlike some poets who turn their hand to the novel, she refuses to indulge in cascading and, too often, excessive description. One goes so far, and not farther; and that "so far," lyrical and evocative, is one of her writing's principal virtues.

It is in her perception of character, however, that the author is most clearly and imperatively content to stand or fall. Miss Sewell's young college students, particularly, are incisively and compassionately caught. If this is a world not of their own making, their striving, yearning, disenchantment, become as much ours as theirs. Miss Sewell neither belabors their woes nor lets us forget that they are only a reflection of our own.

Panorama of Polish Life

The Modern Polish Mind. Edited by Maria Kuncewicz. Little, Brown. $8.50.

by Richard McLaughlin

NO EUROPEAN country has had a stormier history than Poland, for whether a kingdom, commonwealth, grand duchy or republic it has always been torn by dissension. Conformity would therefore appear to be alien to Poland's national temperament.

Nonetheless, as Editor Kuncewicz notes in her introduction, "anti-Communist by nature" as the Poles are, Communism has since 1945 played the role of "bailiff on Poland's cultural estate." Acting largely through "a handful of political professionals and a few genuine zealots," Polish Communism reveals, however, "a strong tendency to stray from its Russian model." As for that other great force in Poland, Catholicism, it, too, is undergoing certain changes. In other words, the clash of opposites in present day Poland continues to operate as confusingly as ever: East *vs.* West, communism *vs.* Catholicism, existentialism *vs.* neopositivism, patriotism *vs.* internationalism.

The forty-two stories and essays presented here establish one thing for certain—modern Polish writers are not half as rash or impassioned as their predecessors. It is apparent from this collection that the contributors would, if forced to make a choice, prefer Russian masters to German. This is understandable when we consider that the Nazi atrocities and decimation of the Polish nation at the outset of World War II were to the Poles nothing but a more brutalized form of the German aggression they had experienced through the centuries. Thus it comes as no surprise to hear that "the present anti-German course of Soviet policies suits Poland's interests."

Striving to be unbiased, Mrs. Kuncewicz has wisely let Catholics, existentialists and Communists speak

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for themselves. Moreover, she urges us to regard her survey as "a panorama of life rather than a show of literary excellence." Though this does not spare her anthology from the usual criticisms—it is fragmentary, thin, procrustean, pedestrian in spots—it nevertheless is gratifying to report that Mrs. Kuncewicz, one of Poland's finest and most spiritually probing novelists, has, whenever possible, made selections marked by high professional skill.

Dividing her book into sections ("What Polish Writers Remember," "How They See Life," "What They Believe," "Their Humor"), she leaves the reader free to judge for himself who are the best exponents of Poland's present-day pragmatic mood. For, as she points out, this is not a time of achievement for the Poles but rather one of rebuilding and experimenting. It is significant that the most impressive pieces in the collection are not always the most provocative. On the contrary, despite much evidence to suggest that a mellower brand of Marxism exists in "People's Poland," the best of these writings reflect those permanent features of Polish literary artistry: sensuality, an almost pantheistic love of nature, a sharp eye for material detail combined with a typical Slavic bent for the abstract; and, above all, as Mrs. Kuncewicz reminds us, "a rapt attachment to historic tradition."

Catholic novelist Jerzy Andrzejewski has in "The Gold Fox" written a subtly moving indictment of Communist infiltration of his native land, by showing how a small boy's imaginary world eventually topples before the ruthless pressures of collective brainwashing by family and friends. Expressive of the author's reawakened sense of individualism, it makes a striking contrast to Zofia Starowiewska Morstin's "Death of Grandmother Zabielska." Madame Morstin, a Catholic liberal of long standing, has obviously never let her individualistic spirit be lulled to sleep. The dignity and saneness with which she describes death in this excerpt from her memoirs provide an all too rare example of that mental serenity associated with the devout Catholic intellectual.

In addition to the usual harrowing stories of wartime brutalities ("A Speck of Dirt," "The Tramp," "Conrad in the Ghetto"), there is Adolf Rudnicki's wonderfully evocative "The Crystal Stream." Satire on Communist Poland is well represented by Stanislaw Lem's "Thirteenth Voyage," an absurdly funny picture of the mythical planet of Pinta where illogical bureaucrats are literally caught in the flood of their own irrigation projects. And for sheer despondency among the young Polish literati, we could not ask for a more macabre, grotesque story than Stanislaw Czycz's "Ando." The selected fragment, obviously autobiographical, describes a trip which two young poets make to an all-Polish writers' conference. It typifies, comments one editor, the spiritual aridity and self-consciousness bordering on absurdity of youngsters afraid to display the slightest emotion; indeed, the drought that sears these youngsters makes "the deserts and spiritual wastelands of Mauriac's characters" quite innocuous by comparison.

A Fifty-Year Treasury

The Christian Century Reader. Edited by Harold E. Fey and Margaret Frakes. Association Press. $7.50.

by Francis J. Lally

THE EDITING of a weekly religious review may seem a leisurely activity to those who meet daily deadlines, but it has hazards and anxieties which test the resources of editors and staff. People expect a paper which appears only once a week to present the more thoughtful reflections and the more considered views; perhaps this is why an anniversary suggests that it is time for gathering a sample between the covers of a book. At any rate, after fifty years *The Christian Century*, a lively nondenominational Protestant journal, has published a selection of its articles, editorials, columns and even verse. The result is exceptionally good, though understandably uneven.

There is a timeless quality to some of the articles, such as those by Reinhold Niebuhr, Arnold Toynbee, John C. Bennett and a few others. More often, however, the material is tied to men and events—the ecumenical movement, the atom bomb, the German situation, Gandhi, Einstein—and it serves to recall the manner in which the issues represented here had to be thought out even while they were developing. Occasionally, there is a striking note of prophecy, as in the unforgettable article by John Haynes Holmes en-

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titled *If Russia Wins,* written in 1941. There is also shame and poignancy, as in the 1955 series on Ira Hayes. Altogether, the nearly hundred pieces show the *Century* at its best and indicate why it is so widely read by all those who have an interest in the religious life of America.

It is interesting to note that nearly all—though not all—references to the Catholic Church are friendly ones. This was very far from characteristic of the *Century* during its fifty-year history, though the last years have seen a notable improvement. Yet some readers even today can detect an attitude toward Catholics which is so supersensitive as to be distorted. It might have been more faithful to the *Century* tradition to have included "a bit of Blanshard" or the equivalent. Along these lines, compilations of this kind might profitably contain some examples of editorial misfires. It is a poor paper that has not had a reversal of posture on some issue, or at least some hastily taken position that required readjustment. To include a little of this would relieve the omniscient air which otherwise pervades the editorial room. In other words, the selection should also be something of a sample.

At the end of fifty years the work of the *Century* may only now be beginning in earnest. For many years it was an influential magazine among Protestants, and surely this was an important labor. It has now become a magazine which must interpret Protestantism on a wider scale and in its turn interpret *to* Protestants the other American religious communities. The last fifty years, as reflected in the anniversary reader, provide a sturdy base on which to build this more significant future structure.

REVIEWS

Father Leonard F. X. Mayhew is a parish priest serving in La Grange, Georgia.

Bette Richart, a poet and critic, is a frequent contributor.

Catharine Hughes works for a well-known New York publishing house.

Richard McLaughlin is a Massachusetts newspaperman.

Monsignor Francis J. Lally is the editor of the *Pilot,* official publication of the Archdiocese of Boston.

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October **Probably $3.95**

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by the Most Rev. Merlin J. Guilfoyle. Another selection from the writings of this popular San Francisco *Monitor* columnist. A companion volume to *San Francisco, No Mean City* and *California, State of Grace*, this takes in the whole country—from the A Bomb to Zealots.

September **$3.75**

Heroic Brothers

by Doris Burton. Following her *Pioneers for Christ* and *The Loveliest Flower* (lives of saintly priests and nuns) Miss Burton turns her attention to the more neglected, but often equally heroic Religious Brothers—including the recently canonized St. Martin de Porres. Written for young adults but fascinating reading for all ages.

September **Probably $2.95**

A Short History of St. John in Ephesus

by Dr. Marco Zuzic. Articles about the site of the Third Ecumenical Council (cf. *The Catholic Digest*, August) are turning attention to the only book in English about recent archeological expeditions that rediscovered the tomb of St. John—and the house in which it is supposed that Our Lady spent her last days. (Published by the American Society of Ephesus which is sponsoring their restoration.)

August **$2.50**

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